

MARVEL
TEAM-UP

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MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING

THE

HUMAN TORCH™

AND

THE SON OF

SATAN™

YOU ARE
FINISHED,
JOHNNY STORM!

EVEN THE
MASTER OF FLAME
CANNOT STAND AGAINST
MY ENCHANTED
SOUL-FIRE!

BUT IF
HE **BLASTS** ME,
WYATT WINGFOOT
DIES!

IT'S THE BATTLE YOU'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR!
A WAR OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE SON OF SATAN** TOGETHER! TM

GERRY CONWAY * SAL BUSCEMA * VINCE COLLETTA * ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER * LEN WEIN
AUTHOR ARTISTS JANICE COHEN, COLORIST EDITOR

ALL THE FIRES IN HELL!!!!

THE BAXTER BUILDING,
NEW YORK, NEW YORK:
NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1974...



YA KNOW, TORCHIE-- I STILL CAN'T GET IT OUTTA MY MIND.

I'VE SEEN SOME STRANGE THINGS IN MY LIFE, BUT THAT STUFF OUT IN THE DESERT LAST WEEK*--

WELL, IT'S ENUFF TA MAKE A GUY WORRY ABOUT HIS MIND.

CHAPTER ONE: the POSSESSED!

*AS TOLD IN MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #8;
IF YOU'RE REAL LUCKY, IT MIGHT STILL BE ON SALE! --LEN.

IF I WERE YOU,
I WOULD
WORRY, BEN.

THE STORY YOU
TOLD US **PROVES**
YOU'RE A BONA
FIDE **FRUITCAKE**.

A LOT YOU
KNOW
ABOUT IT,
MATCH-
HEAD--YA
WEREN'T
EVEN
THERE.

FIRST THAT **CRAZY STAR**
APPEARIN' ON CHRISTMAS
EVE-- THEN THE **MIRACLE**
MAN SHOWIN' UP WITH A
WILD PLAN TA MAKE HIM-
SELF **TOP BOZO** IN THE
WORLD...



LIKE I TOLD
WYATT WINGFOOT
WHEN IT WUZ
HAPPENIN' "IF I
READ THIS IN A
COMIC BOOK, I'D
NEVER--"

**HEY! THAT
REMINDS ME!**

IT'S BEEN **MONTHS**
SINCE I TALKED TO
MY OLD COLLEGE
BUDDY.

THINGS HAVE BEEN
SO **HECTIC** WITH **SUE**
BACK--I'D FORGOTTEN
I OWE **WYATT** A CALL.

BELIEVE ME,
KID--HE'LL
BE HAPPY
TO **HEAR**
FROM YA.

COMPARED TO
THAT **MIRACLE**
MAN CLOWN--
YOU'N ME ARE
AS **NORMAL**
AS THE
IDANG P.T.A.!

WE'LL LEAVE THE **SOMBER** THING TO HIS MUSINGS; INTERESTING
THOUGH THEY MAY BE, THEY'VE NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR STORY--

--AND AFTER ALL, THE
LOGO ON THIS ISSUE
IS PARTLY SHARED
BY THE EVER-LOVIN'
HUMAN TORCH--!

AFTER THAT LAST
ADVENTURE WITH
WYATT, WE LEFT
HIM ONE OF OUR
SPECIAL
COMMUNICATORS--

--A **GIZMO REED** DESIGNED,
TO OPERATE ON A FREQUENCY
RESERVED FOR THE
FANTASTIC FOUR--!

*JOHNNY'S
REFERRING
TO
FF #135-36,
BIBLIO-BUGS.
--LEN.

WITH A SKILL ANY COLLEGE-LEVEL TECHNICIAN WOULD ENVY, A SKILL GAINED THROUGH EXPERIENCE RATHER THAN THEORY, THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR PLAYS THE KEYBOARD OF THE COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE LIKE A SOPHISTICATED STEINWAY--



--AND SLOWLY, AN IMAGE FORMS IN THE TWO-WAY VIEW-SCREEN--
AN IMAGE APPARENTLY BEREFT OF MEANING--



--AND SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A SCREECH OF RISING SOUND--!



WYATT?
WYATT?

WHAT ARE YOU--

YAHAAAAA
HAHAHA



"WYATT, WYATT, HE'S MY BOY,
A PLUCKY LITTLE INDIAN,
WATCH HIM SMASH THE NICE NEW TOY,
BANG GOES THE TIN-TIN!"



WYATT!

SSCRASSH



FRANTICALLY, JOHNNY STORM TRIES TO REGAIN VISUAL CONTACT WITH THE DISTANT TRANSMITTER-- TRIES, AND FAILS.

BUT, EVEN AS HIS DESPERATION GROWS...

COME IN? PLEASE-- IS ANYONE THERE?

THIS IS SILENT FOX, CHIEFTAIN OF THE KEEWAZI--

JOHNNY STORM HERE, SIR.

WHAT HAPPENED? WYATT SEEMED TO-- TO GO CRAZY--!

SADLY, THIS IS TRUE, JOHN STORM. MY GRANDSON IS-- POSSESSED!

RAPIDLY, THE VOICE OF SILENT FOX EXPLAINS --AND THE EXPLANATION IS MORE BIZARRE THAN THE MYSTERY IT UNRAVELS...

WE'LL TALK MORE WHEN I GET THERE, SIR.

IF WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS EVEN POSSIBLE-- WYATT NEEDS HELP--

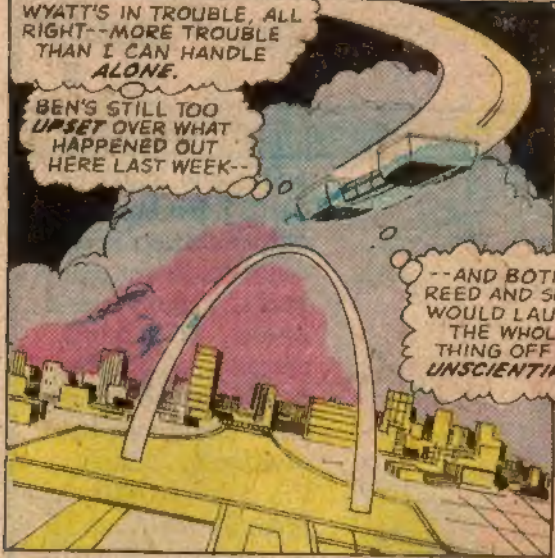
--AND THE HUMAN TORCH IS GOING TO GIVE IT TO HIM!

FLAME ON!

YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM ASIDE, JOHNNY STORM IS WELL AWARE THAT FLYING ACROSS COUNTRY AS THE TORCH ISN'T QUITE FEASIBLE, DRAMATIC THOUGH IT MAY SOUND.

AND SO, WHEN HE SPEEDS ACROSS THE GRAIN-FIELDS OF THE CENTRAL MIDWEST AN HOUR LATER, IT IS NOT IN THE FLAMING FORM OF THE HUMAN TORCH--

--BUT IN THE FAR MORE PRACTICAL FANTASTI-CAR--!



WYATT'S IN TROUBLE, ALL RIGHT--MORE TROUBLE THAN I CAN HANDLE ALONE.

BEN'S STILL TOO UPSET OVER WHAT HAPPENED OUT HERE LAST WEEK--

--AND BOTH REED AND SUE WOULD LAUGH THE WHOLE THING OFF AS UNSCIENTIFIC--



--SO IT'D BE BETTER ALL AROUND IF I JUST BRING IN SOMEONE FROM OUTSIDE.

AND THAT SOMEONE, IF MY INFORMATION IS CORRECT, IS HERE--AT SAINT LOUIS' GATEWAY UNIVERSITY.

I'LL LEAVE THE FANTASTICAR ON AUTOMATIC HOVER--



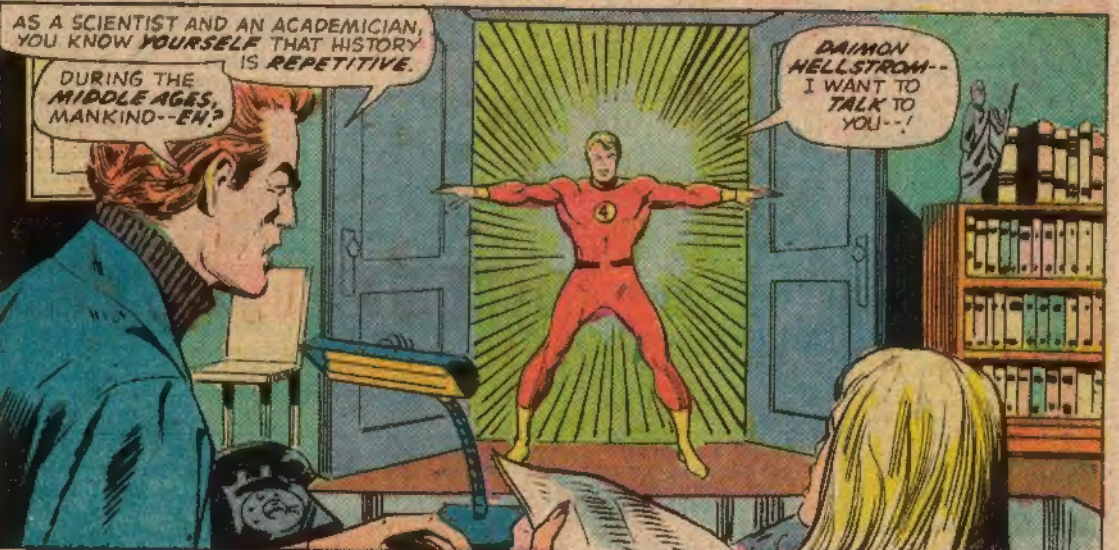
--AND DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO, PRONTO!



FOUR MINUTES LATER, IN THE COZY COMFORTABLE OFFICE OF A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN PARAPSYCHOLOGY RESEARCHER--

--MAY BE ONLY MY OVERWORKED IMAGINATION, DAIMON; BUT DOES IT SEEM TO YOU THERE ARE MORE CASES OF OCCULT INCIDENTS TODAY--THAN A YEAR AGO?

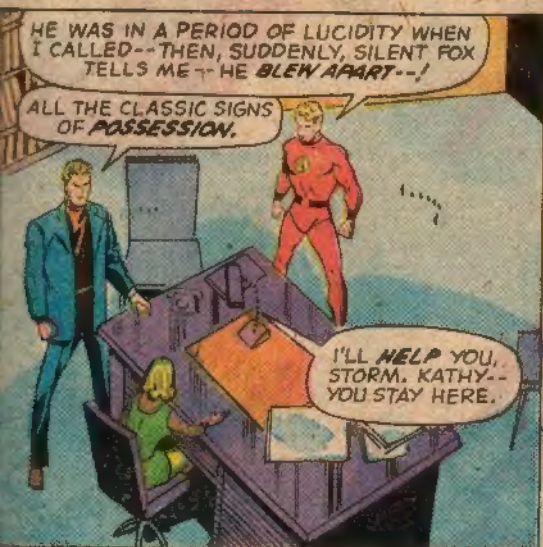
NOTHING WOULD SURPRISE ME, KATHY.



AS A SCIENTIST AND AN ACADEMICIAN, YOU KNOW YOURSELF THAT HISTORY IS REPETITIVE.

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, MANKIND--EH?

DAIMON HELLSTROM-- I WANT TO TALK TO YOU--!



CHAPTER TWO: **A UNION BORN IN HELL!**

TWO MEN STEP FROM THE NEARLY-DESERTED ADMINISTRATION BUILDING; ONE MAN STOPS, AND WITH A NOD AT HIS COMPANION, LIFTS HIS HANDS IN AN ARCAINE GESTURE...

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, THE MAN'S HANDS BEGIN TO GLOW WITH INNER HEAT, THE TIPS TURN A SMOULDERING BRICK-RED, THE PALMS BEGIN TO SMOKE...

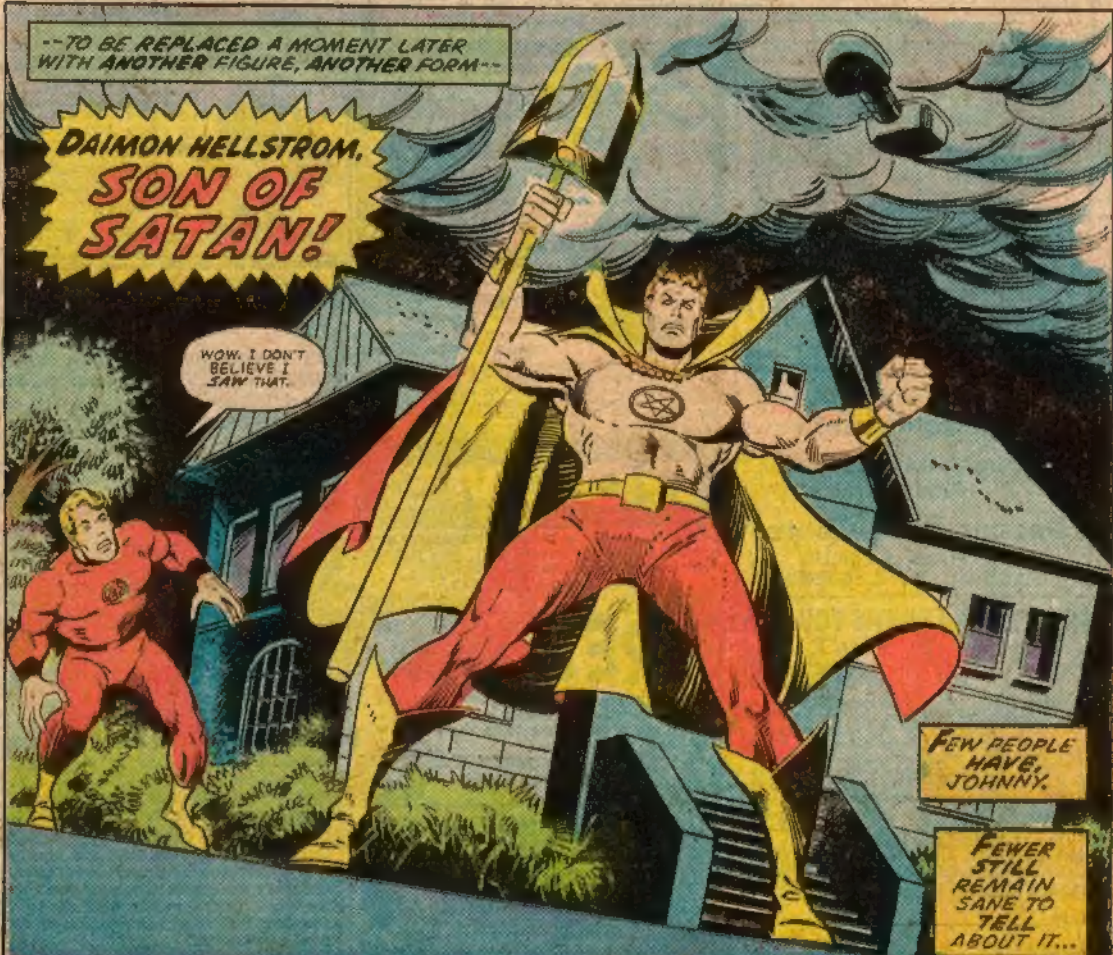
--AND LIKE A FEVER SWEEPING A HEALTHY BODY, THE FLAMES SEEM TO CONSUME THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S SPARSE FORM; BILLOWING UNTIL THE HUMAN KNOWN AS DAIMON HELLSTROM VANISHES IN A COLUMN OF FIRE--



--TO BE REPLACED A MOMENT LATER WITH ANOTHER FIGURE, ANOTHER FORM--

**DAIMON HELLSTROM.
SON OF
SATAN!**

WOW, I DON'T BELIEVE I SAW THAT.



FEW PEOPLE HAVE, JOHNNY.

FEWER STILL REMAIN SANE TO TELL ABOUT IT...



MUSCLES FLEXING WITHOUT SEEMING EFFORT, THE MAN KNOWN AS DAIMON HELLSTROM LEAPS UPWARD, GLEAMING TRIDENT HELD OVERHEAD--

--AND WITH THE HUMAN TORCH BESIDE HIM--



--QUICKLY ARRIVES AT THEIR DESTINATION.

LISTEN--MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF, HELLSTROM.

THE NEWS-PAPERS ONLY SAID YOU WERE AN EXORCIST OF SOME KIND--NOT--

NOT WHAT, MR. STORM?

SOMETHING IN DAIMON HELLSTROM'S TONE WARNS JOHNNY STORM TO PROCEED NO FURTHER; UNEASILY, THE YOUTH SIMPLY NODS...



UH...WELL...I GUESS THAT'S **YOUR** BUSINESS, ISN'T IT?

DAIMON HELLSTROM DOESN'T ANSWER.

IGNORING THE CHILL WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE COME BETWEEN HIM AND HIS PASSENGER, JOHNNY SETS THE FANTASTI-CAR INTO MOTION ONCE MORE--



--AND IMMEDIATELY, THE MOONLIT COUNTRYSIDE HURTLES BY BENEATH THEM...

TWO HOURS LATER, THE PLAINS OF KANSAS FALL AWAY TO THE EAST OF THE ROCKETING FANTASTI-CAR; THE SPEEDING VESSEL TURNS NORTH--

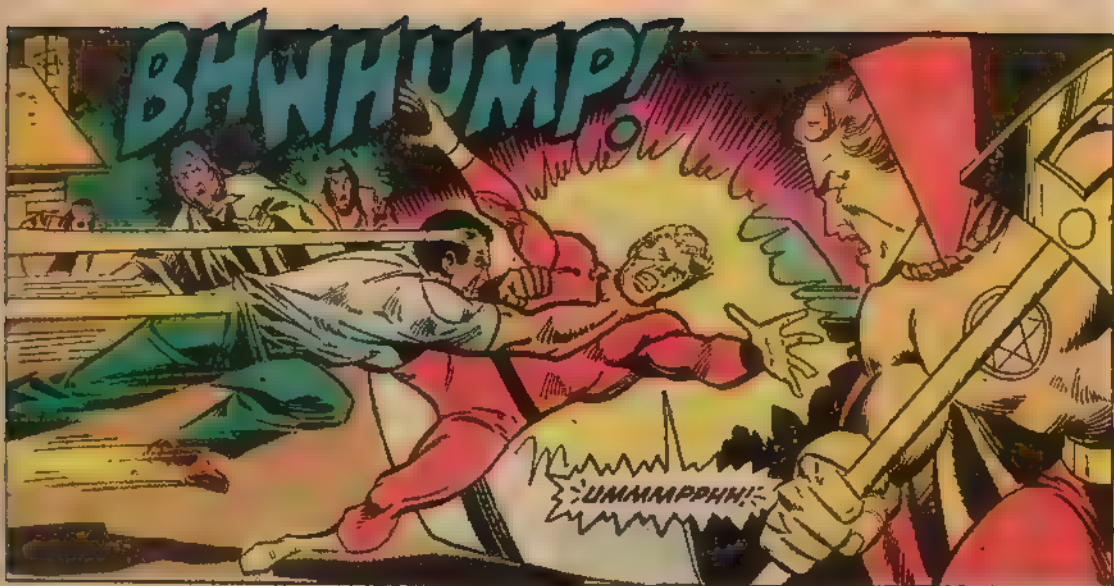


--AND SOON, IN THE STAR SPRINKLED SKY OVER A CERTAIN RESERVATION IN OKLAHOMA--

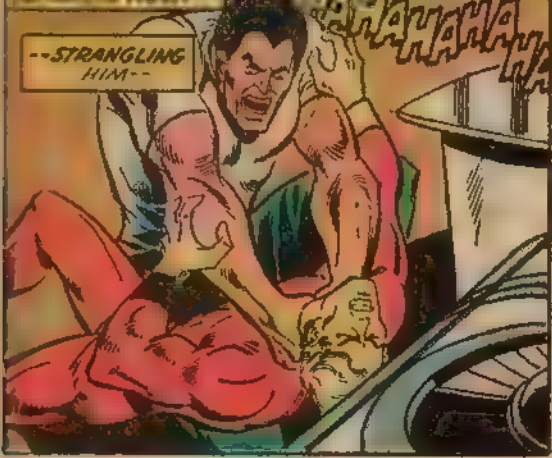
THEY'VE COME!

NEVER HAVE THEY FAILED US--

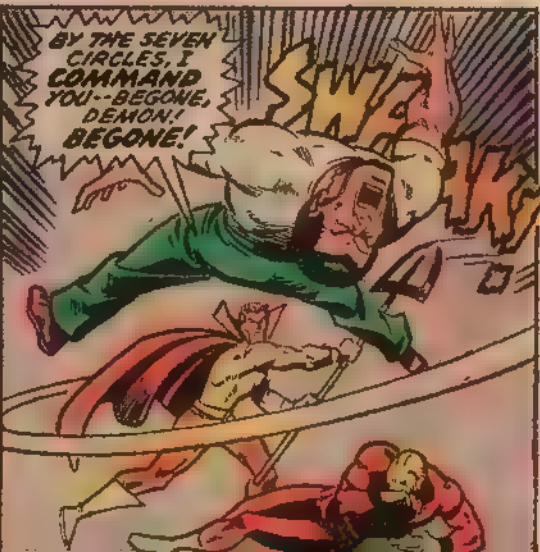
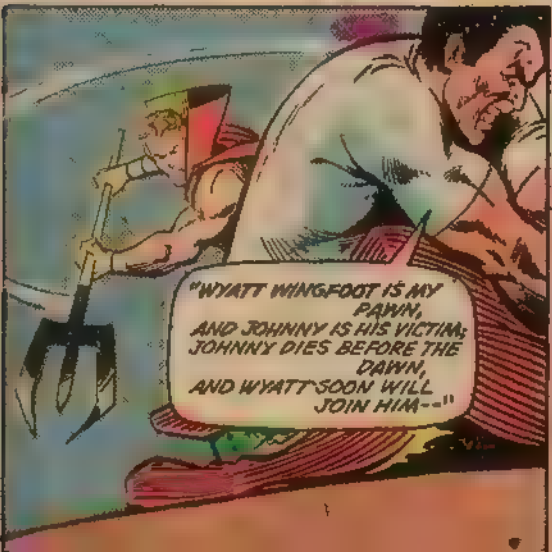




THROWING HIS FORMER COLLEGE ROOMMATE TO THE GROUND, THE TRANSFORMED WYATT WINGFOOT CLAMPS A TIGHTENING HOLD ON JOHNNY'S NECK--



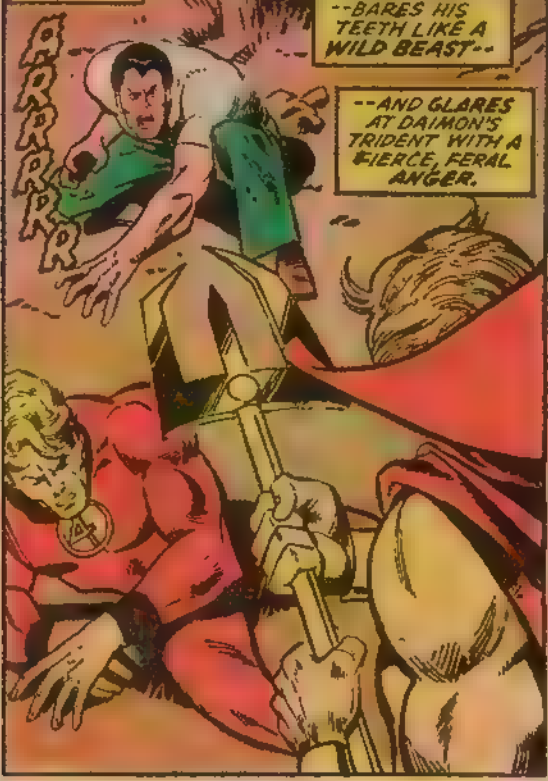
--UNTIL JOHNNY FEELS CONSCIOUSNESS EBBING AWAY, AND REACTS ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY--



THWISTING AWAY FROM THE FULL FORCE OF DAIMON HELLSTROM'S BLOW, WYATT ROLLS TO A CROUCH--

--BARES HIS TEETH LIKE A WILD BEAST--

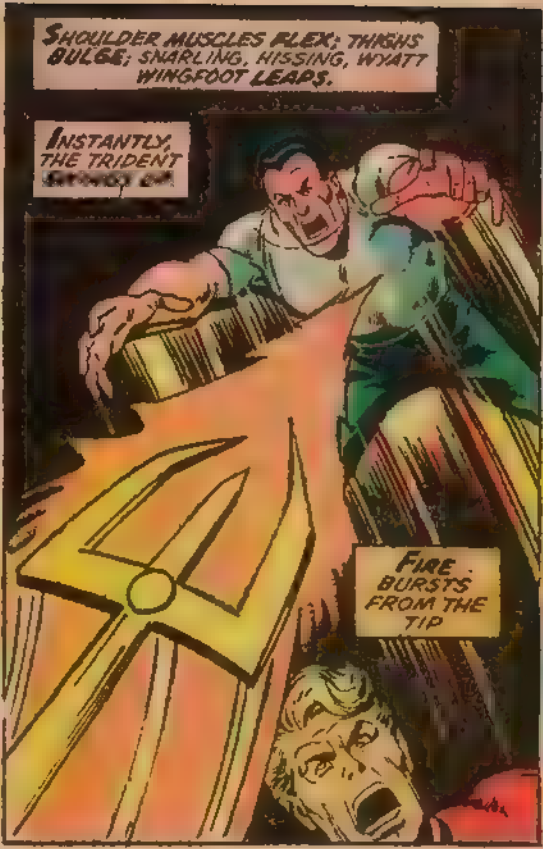
--AND GLARES AT DAIMON'S TRIDENT WITH A FIERCE, FERAL ANGER.



SHOULDER MUSCLES FLEX; THIGHS BULGE; SNARLING, HISSING, WYATT WINGFOOT LEAPS.

INSTANTLY, THE TRIDENT SPRINGS UP

FIRE BURSTS FROM THE TIP



AND IN A MOMENT--



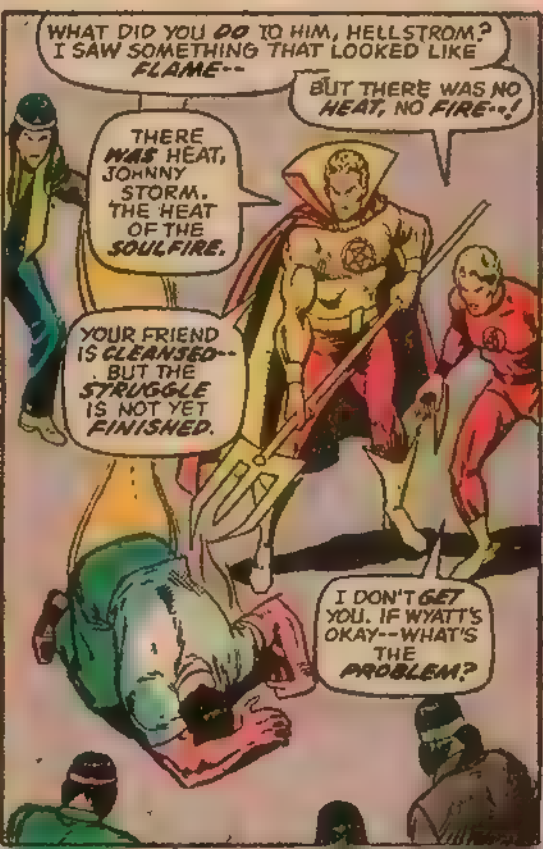
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM, HELLSTROM? I SAW SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE FLAME--

BUT THERE WAS NO HEAT, NO FIRE--!

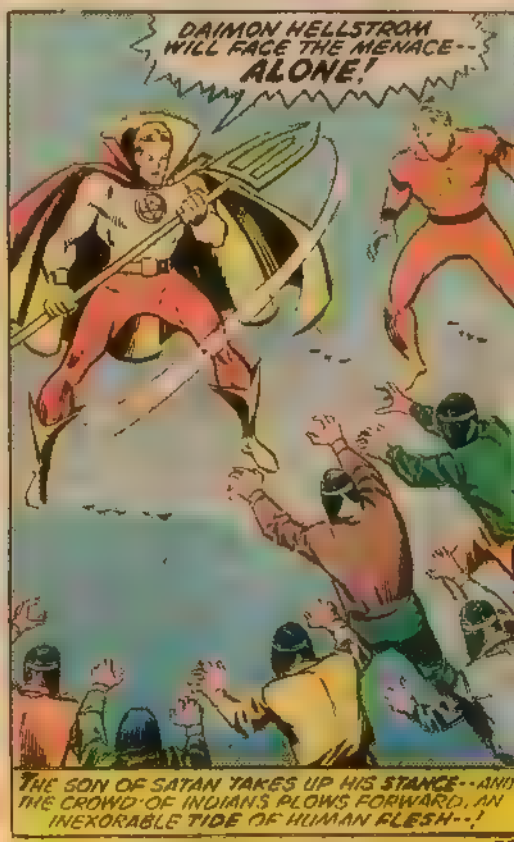
THERE WAS HEAT, JOHNNY STORM. THE HEAT OF THE SOULFIRE.

YOUR FRIEND IS CLEANSED-- BUT THE STRUGGLE IS NOT YET FINISHED.

I DON'T GET YOU. IF WYATT'S OKAY--WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?



THE BATTLE IS OVER.



CHAPTER THREE: THE FLAME AND THE FIRE!

AS ONE, THEY ATTACK. ARMS AND LEGS FLAIL AND KICK, FISTS BUNCH AND SMASH, HEADS THRUST, STRIKING MORTAL FLESH WITH STUNNING FORCE, YET ODDLY, DAIMON HELLSTROM DOES NOT HIT BACK

ALMOST LIKE A MAN ENTRANCED, HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE PUMMELED BY THE STRANGELY SILENT MOB

--AND IT IS THIS WHICH SHOCKS THE TORCH OUT OF HIS STUPOR, WAKING HIM TO THE DANGER, CAUSING HIM, AT LAST, TO--

FLAME ON!

DAIMON'S BEING SLAUGHTERED-- AND I ALMOST LET IT HAPPEN!

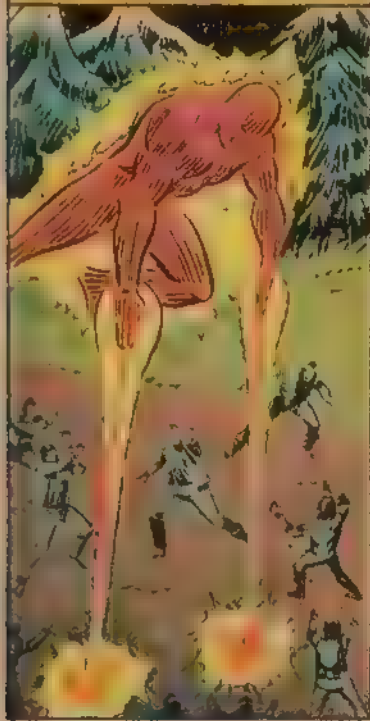
IT WAS AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD HYPNOTIZED ME, WIPE OUT MY WILL TO ACT!

BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW. HELLSTROM CAN'T FIGHT THAT MOB BY HIMSELF!

HEADS UP, HELLSTROM!

HERE COME THE MARINES!

SNOOPING HIGH INTO THE NIGHT
THE HUMAN TORCH ACTS SWIFTLY
--FORMING POSTS OF SMOKING
FIRE, WHICH ARE TOSSED INTO
THE MIDST OF THE HEAVING
CROWD--



--FORMING A FLAMING FENCE
THAT SEPARATES THE BULK
OF THE CROWD FROM ITS
INTENDED VICTIM



DAIMON HELLSTROM ISN'T
AWARE OF THIS ACTIVITY
CONCERNED AS HE IS WITH
HIS OWN STRUGGLE--

--AND PERHAPS BECAUSE
HE IS NOT, HE ALLOWS HIS
ANGER TO RISE UP WITHIN
HIM--



--AN ANGER WHICH
IS MORE THAN THE
FURY MOST MEN KNOW--

--A RAGE WHICH IS
POSITIVELY--SATANIC

FOOLS! DO YOU
KNOW WHO IT IS
YOU TOUCH?

HAVE
YOU ANY
CONCEPT
OF THE
POWERS YOU
PLAY WITH?

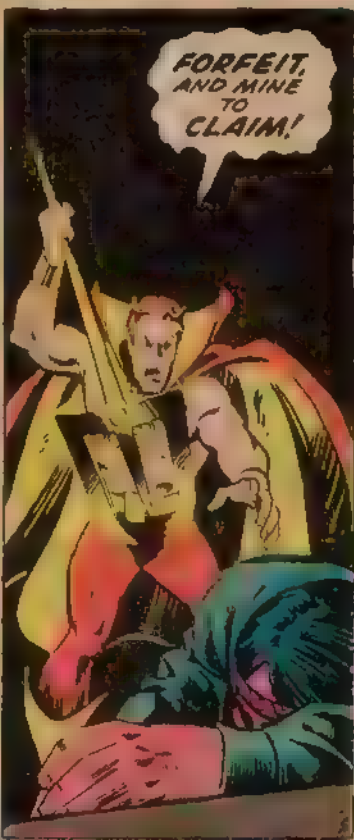


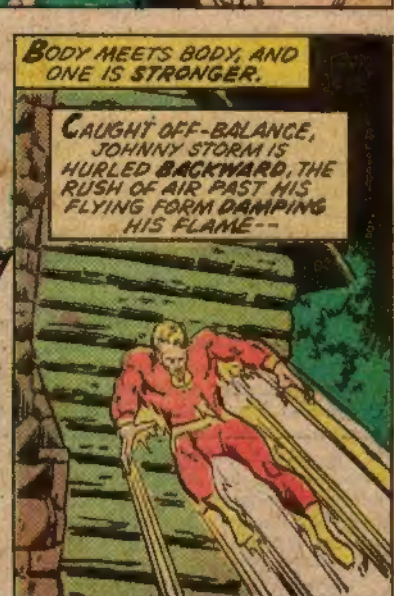
BY THE
HADEAN
CHIMES,
GET
OFF!

FOR WHAT
YOU HAVE
DONE, YOUR
PITIABLE
LIVES ARE
FORFEIT--



FORFEIT,
AND MINE
TO
CLAIM!





WOW, WHATEVER HE IS...HELLSTROM'S NO LIGHTWEIGHT....

THE WAY HE
THREW ME...
HE COULD
GIVE BEN
A FEW
LESSONS
IN...

HUH?

HEY!

THUNK!

I'VE ABOUT HAD
IT WITH YOU,
HELLSTROM. YOU
MAY BE A TOP
EXORCIST OR
SOMETHING--

BUT,
MISTER,
YOU'RE
ALSO
NUTS!

FOOL! DO YOU IMAGINE
YOUR PUNY FLAME CAN
HARM ME?

MY FORM
HAS KNOWN A FIRE
A THOUSAND TIMES
MORE DEVASTATING
THAN YOURS.

I WAS
BORN TO
THRIVE IN
THE
BURNING
PITS OF--

I DON'T CARE
WHERE YOU
WERE BORN,
BLISTER!

IF MY FLAME
WON'T WORK
ON YOU--THEN
MAYBE MY
FISTS WILL!

BY THE SEVEN
CIRCLES, I
WILL NOT
BE TRIFLED
WITH!

I'LL MAKE YOU
SUFFER FOR
YOUR INSOLENCE,
STORM!



I'LL
KILL
YOU,
STORM--



KILL
YOU--



KILL
YOU--!



IN THE NAME
OF MERCY--

--WHAT
AM I
DOING?



ARRHHH...
SEEMED TO
ME...LIKE YOU
WERE
STRANGLING
ME...HELLSTROM.

PLEASE FORGIVE
ME, STORM.

AT TIMES--I
CAN HARDLY
CONTROL
MYSELF.

YEAH, WELL--
WE'VE STILL
GOT PROBLEMS,
FRIEND.



EXACTLY. SOME
FORCE INCITED
THOSE INDIANS
TO ATTACK US--

--THE SAME FORCE
WHICH BROUGHT
US HERE BY POSSESS-
ING YOUR FRIEND.

A DEMON,
JOHNNY--
A DEMON
OUT OF
HELL.



BRING US LIGHT,
JOHNNY STORM!
**BRING US
LIGHT!**

MY FLAME'S
A LITTLE
WEAK,
HELLSTROM
--BUT I'LL
TRY!

**JOHNNY STORM DOES MORE
THAN TRY: HE SUCCEEDS.**



**AND FOR ONE EYE-
PIERCING INSTANT,
THE SKY IS FILLED
WITH A NOVA
BRILLIANCE--**

**--AND BEFORE THE LIGHT
COMPLETELY FADES:**

**"MY EYES! MY
EYES! CURSE YOU,
HELLSTROM--
YOU'VE BURNED
MY EYES!"**



**NAME
YOURSELF,
DEMON--I
COMMAND
YOU!**

**"I AM DRYMINEXTES-- A MEM-
BER OF YOUR FATHER'S
COURT. I SOUGHT TO CURRY
FAVOR-- BY DESTROYING
YOU!"**

**"THE PLAN WAS SO
CAREFULLY CONCEIVED, THE
YOUTH WOULD INVOLVE YOU--**



**"--AND YOUR
RAGE WOULD
DESTROY YOU
BOTH!"**

**DAIMON HELLSTROM DOES NOT
SPEAK. WITH AN EXPRESSION
OF SUPREME DISGUST ETCHING
HIS FEATURES, HE EXTENDS
THE TIP OF HIS
TRIDENT TO
TOUCH THE
KNEELING
DEMON--**



**--AND WHEN THE SUDDEN
FLASH OF DISSOLUTION IS
DONE--**

**--THE SON OF
SATAN STANDS
ALONE.**



**STRANGER,
YOU HAVE
GIVEN US
THE GIFT
OF LIFE.**

**MY GRAND-
FATHER
SPEAKS FOR
BOTH OF US,
MY FRIEND.**

**HELLSTROM IGNORES THEM. FOR HIM, IT IS
AS THOUGH WYATT WINGFOOT AND HIS GRAND-
FATHER DO NOT EXIST.**

**LET HIM BE, WYATT.
I DON'T KNOW WHY--
BUT I DON'T THINK
HELLSTROM WANTS
ANY COMPANY RIGHT
NOW.**

**WHATEVER
IT IS HE'S
GOING
THROUGH--
IT MUST BE
HELL.**



FINI

**NEXT
ISSUE: SPIDEY AND NIGHTHAWK TOGETHER**